

Northern Messenger

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MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 20, 1907.

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A Martyr's Creed.

'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' This is the first Christian martyr's dying prayer. It is also a confession of his faith. As we listen to these words we seem to see the foundations of his inner life laid bare, and can understand what it was that made him so calm and strong in that awful hour. As we study them, we see not only the grandeur of the human soul, which can rise to be almost independent of external things, but also, and chiefly, the grandeur of the Gospel of Christ, which can bring

being, or that his individual life may be swallowed up in the life of the race. He believes he has a soul, immaterial, so that no blow can hurt it; immortal, so that death cannot lay its hand upon it. And if only that soul be safe, as he doubts not it will be in Christ's care, he feels assured that death can do him little harm.

Happy faith! We all fancy, perhaps, that we share it. It may be we dread the very name of Materialism. We shudder at the thought of death ending all, and wonder how

travelled, on one occasion, over the ice for thirty days directly towards the Pole, and at the end of that time he found, on taking his bearings, he had scarcely made any progress. It seems that the ice-field over which he was moving was slipping down southwards as fast as he was going northwards. There is an undercurrent of unbelief and indifference in the minds of many with regard to the spiritual world and their spiritual nature. Until it is checked, they will make little progress heavenwards.

It is possible a man may only come to realize, 'I have a spirit, which will live after death,' at the very moment God's voice is heard, summoning that spirit to appear at His judgment throne. Stephen had long since commended his soul to Christ, and had lived to commend Christ to the souls of others; and so, when death suddenly appeared, he simply continued to do what he had done so long; his only thought was about his own spirit and the spirits of his murderers. 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge,' he prayed for them; while for himself he cried, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'

Stephen believed he had a Saviour who was greater than all his foes.

How much about Christ is given us in those five simple words! He calls Him 'Jesus,' the name He bore on earth, a name which holds Him up to us as our brother, bone of our bone, able to sympathise with all His suffering brethren. He calls Him 'Lord;' he sees Him at the right hand of God; he commends his spirit to His care; to his eye Christ is Divine, infinite in knowledge and power to help. As Heaven opens, he sees in Christ the link that joins it to this world, the one Mediator between God and man—dwelling with God and pleading for men—and to Him he prays in his hour of need.

He is not afraid of Christ, nor yet afraid Christ should fail him. He has no dread of falling into His hands, and no fear of falling through them into the hands of any foe. Faith in Christ had robbed death of its sting. The crown of thorns driven down so cruelly on His head, thus blossomed before the eyes of His enemies into a radiant crown of glory.

It was easy for Stephen to trust Christ even in death, I fancy someone saying; for Christ manifested Himself to his bodily eye. The heavens open on and up before his gaze, till the highest Heaven is reached, and the throne of the Eternal God disclosed to view. The Temple courts fade from his sight, and the Holy of Holies, in the New Jerusalem, is revealed to him, and lo! the Great Priest-King has risen from His throne of glory to help and to receive His suffering servant. Who could not die happy after such a vision as that? We must remember, however, that Stephen believed on Christ, and witnessed nobly for Him, before he saw that glorious sight. He believed, and therefore spoke; and so spoke that his enemies must either submit to him or silence him.

The lesson of Stephen's death is not, wait for some grand revelation to fit you to live and to die; such visions of glory have been



Heaven into the heart in the very darkest hours of life, and make the sufferer's face to shine, as if it were the face of an angel.

Stephen believed he had a spirit, and thought more about it than about his body.

'God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.' That doctrine is powerfully enforced in Stephen's last address. God is a Spirit; and as I am made in God's image, I must have a spiritual nature also; for it is not in my body that my resemblance can be to Him who has no bodily parts.

This truth is embodied in Stephen's dying prayer. In that moment of agony, when the real man came out, the hope which he expresses is not that he may pass utterly out of

any man can hold to a doctrine so degrading and debasing. Yet we can only judge a man's faith by its effect on his habits and his life. If I really believe in my spiritual and immortal nature, I shall always put the interests of the spirit first, and treat the body as its servant. I shall seek rather to build up for myself a noble character—the only thing I can take with me when I die—than to raise heaps of gold and silver, which may slip from under me at any moment. And looking out on men around me, and remembering that they, too, have spirits like my own, my first thought will be how to reach them and win them for Christ and glory. I fear that few of us would be able to stand the test.

I have read that Peary, the Arctic explorer,

granted only to a few. Believe what is revealed; act on what you believe; speak out; fear not. Make the acquaintance of Christ now as your Lord and Saviour in the bright days of life, trust Him, love Him, witness for Him. And if your path of witness-bearing lead even into a fiery furnace, Christ will not leave you to suffer alone. Death cannot separate you from Him who loves you. And, though not manifested to the eye of sense, by faith you shall see Him standing to receive you, and know that neither death nor life can separate you from His love.

Stephen believed in another life, into which death would instantly usher him.

The Christian has two homes: here he is at home in the body; hereafter he will be at home on high (II. Cor. v., 6, 8, R.V.). And he knows that not a moment shall intervene in which, lonely and homeless, he shall be tossed about by the winds of Heaven. Absent from the body, he is at once present with the Lord. The very moment of death will be, as Stephen felt, the moment when Christ the Lord will receive him to Himself. Our thoughts linger fondly over the marvellous change which came to Stephen at that moment of death. Cast out by the world, Heaven opens wide its gates to let him in. Men crush his body with cruel blows; Christ receives his spirit to perfect peace and rest. Pain and suffering are all forgotten as he hastens into those outstretched arms, and is received by Christ into the fellowship of His own life and glory. Death has done its worst; all his sorrows are behind him; while Heaven is around him, and the present is but a foretaste of what the future has in store. 'He is for ever with the Lord.'—'Light in the Home.'

Off to the Labrador.

Gifts for Harrington.

It would have been a genuine pleasure, indeed, to the good friends who have sent in gifts in kind for the Labrador, could they have been present at the packing of the last consignment to be sent to Harrington this year. Wednesday evening of the last week in August saw the members of the committee ready for work in the commodious store room that, through the kindness of Miss Roddick, is secured for the Labrador gifts from April to September.

An expert packer at the barrel, willing hands to open parcels, bales, and small bundles that had come in from far and near, rapid sorting out into piles of 'Men's wear,' 'Women's wear,' 'For the children,' 'Hospital supplies,' and soon some eight or ten barrels were securely headed up ready for marking. Five or six barrels had come in already packed, and these were to go on without change, so that the committee expected that, with a case or two of useful books and bright magazines to stock the hospital library and to distribute at various points along the coast, there would be about twenty pieces in this second shipment, or, with the seventeen sent at the end of May, some forty barrels in all. It sounds like a good deal, yet when one considers how widely the contents will eventually be scattered, and the very distressing condition in which the people are this year as a result of the complete failure of the fishing, on which their whole living depends, there will not be one barrel too much, and a new supply will only too soon be needed.

It was with expressions of gratitude and satisfaction that the committee opened parcel after parcel. Everything seemed so useful and so well chosen as a rule; clothing warm and whole, and, what was especially wanted, a goodly proportion of clothes for men and boys—always so very much needed. Certainly, the friends who work for this needy field are understanding better than ever the needs and the requirements.

It was most interesting to see the parcels opened up and distributed, for as a rule only barrels are sent forward unopened, the committee finding it necessary to condense to the utmost the number of separate packages, and barrels being by all odds the most convenient way of handling in transit. Here is a fine large new concertina, which will cheer up the convalescents. Here is a box of small unbreakable dollies all dressed in crocheted woolen garments that seemed just the thing for a

cold country—the greatest pleasure for the greatest number packed in the smallest compass. Here is a bundle of warm country-knit socks and mittens, large and roomy, a joy to those who have to wear three or four pairs each to keep warm with, and know how hard it is to get a pair big enough. Here is a bountiful supply of nearly new men's underwear, and one sighs to think of the aching heart that packed that parcel. Here is a box of dried apples, with a huge jar of solid jam inside. In they go into the very middle of the hospital barrel, where, with quilts all round the package, they will carry in safety. Here again is a muslin bag filled with dried rose leaves, and as the fragrance fills the store room, it seems symbolical of the kindly thoughts that have gone into all these parcels, and that will fill the hearts of those to whom by and by the articles will be given.

The committee wishes to thank most heartily one and all who have sent donations. It is quite impossible for each parcel to be individually acknowledged here, unless indeed a note is sent by mail, advising Miss Roddick of the sending and mentioning the contents. Name and address of donor should always be on outside of package for identification, and in every case a full list, with name and address of senders, should go in each package, too, so that when the parcel is opened and distributed, the letter may be forwarded intact, that Dr. Hare or Miss Mayou may know whom to thank, though it may be long ere they find leisure to do more than think grateful thoughts.

Miss Roddick (80 Union avenue), will at any time be glad to give special information, if desired, and the treasurer, Miss S. Macfarlane, 753 Sherbrooke street, will receive any moneys intended for the general work or for individual cots. Gifts for the 'Witness' and 'Messenger' cots, for the komatik 'Winter Messenger,' or for the maintenance of the launch 'Northern Messenger,' will continue to be received at this office.

It is especially requested that no more parcels be sent to Miss Roddick till next spring. The store room will not be available until April next, and friends will kindly take notice of this, and hold their gifts till announcement is made in these columns that the room is again open.

The present consignment of goods will go forward more promptly than ever before. They are to go by R. and O. to Quebec, where they will just catch the government steamer 'Princess,' upon which, by arrangement with Commander Wakeham, space has been secured, so that the barrels will go direct to Harrington without further change.

Whereas I Was Blind.

When the Word is partaken of hungrily, and the Holy Spirit accompanies it, there is a revelation made to the heart like that which the poor blind boy had after the operation of a skilled oculist.

His mother led him out of doors, and, taking off the bandages, gave him his first view of sunshine and sky and flowers. 'Oh, mother,' he exclaimed, 'why did you never tell me it was so beautiful?' The tears started as she replied, 'I tried to tell you, dear; but you could not understand me.'

So the spiritual eyesight must be opened in order that the spiritual beauty and wisdom and glory of the divine Word may be discovered.

When the great philosopher, Sir David Brewster, was dying, he said to Sir James Simpson, 'I have had the light for many years, and oh, how bright it is! I feel so perfectly sure, so perfectly happy.' 'Come and see.' That is the short, simple, earnest common-sense appeal which is made to every honest seeker after truth, every soul troubled with a sense of sin and guilt. Come and see.—'Christian Age.'

Religious Notes.

A most successful medical mission is that which was established in 1884 by Doctor Torrance at Tiberias—on the shore of the very lake where the Great Physician 'went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of a devil.' It is called 'The Sea of Galilee Mission,' and is well known over the whole

of Southern Syria and the adjoining tracts of the Arabian Desert. It assists Jew and Arabs alike, and it has been found that the best method of reaching the people with religious instruction is still Christ's method—Without a parable spake He not unto them!

When Bishop Stuart went to Julfa in 1894, that was the only church missionary society station in the shah's dominions, and it was an Armenian station outside the Moslem citadel. Now Ispahan itself is occupied, and so are Yezd and Kerman and Shiraz—all ancient and important cities—and there are bands of converts in all of them. Over 100 adult converts have been baptized in Persia since the new century commenced. In Ispahan last Christmas day 60 converts knelt together at the Lord's Supper—a sight to cheer the heart indeed to see converts from Mohammedanism, Babism, Parseeism kneeling side by side with Armenians and Europeans, and receiving the tokens of the Savior's dying love, and especially so when it was remembered how they had formerly been animated with mutual internecine hatred, while now there was neither Greek nor Jew, neither bond nor free; all were one in Christ Jesus.

In connection with the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the beginning of work in Arnednagar last October, the following comparative figures, showing the growth of the past twenty-five years in the whole mission, are interesting:

	1881	1906
Churches.. .. .	17	59
Pastors.. .. .	14	29
Communicants.. .. .	1,381	6,687
Whole Christian community.. .. .	2,485	13,602
Schools.. .. .	78	186
Teachers.. .. .	94	341
Pupils.. .. .	1,531	7,243

During last year upward of 1,200 were received into the churches of the Presbyterian Church, South, on the upper Kongo. On one itinerary of two months through the villages of the Lulua country, Mr. Martin and Mr. De Yampert examined 1,500 applicants for baptism, all of whom could recite the catechism. Of these about 800 were baptized, and the remaining 700 were continued under instruction as catechumens. The work in this field has been hindered by the action of the Kongo Government prohibiting missionaries from remaining more than fifteen days at any one place outside of their regular stations. One result of this regulation, however, has been that the mission has felt it necessary to make special efforts to train and use native evangelists, and these evangelists have proven very efficient helpers in the work.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: E. L. Robertson, Shallow Lake, \$5.00; C. Mathieson, St. Urbain de Chateauguay, \$1.00; Ada L. Holman St. John, N.B., \$2.00; Total, \$8.00.

Received for the cots: C. Mathieson, St. Urbain de Chateauguay, \$1.00; Thekla Robinson, \$1.00; Sunshine Mission Band, Chateauguay, per Katie C. Macfarlane, \$36.75; Total, \$38.75.

Received for the Komatik: J. M., Sutherland's River, N.S., \$3.00; E. H. C. O., Quebec, \$3.00; Miss E. Gould, Davenport, Iowa, \$1.00; Florence Weir, Woodstock, Ont., \$1.00; Friends, S. Amaroux, Ont., \$5.00; Jean Milne, Helen Anderson, Jean Anderson, Kathleen Millburn, and Doris Spooner, Belleville, \$4.00; H. Armstrong, Montreal, \$1.00; Total, \$18.00.

Previously acknowledged for the launch \$540.84
Previously acknowledged for the cots.. .. . 116.48
Previously acknowledged for the komatik 87.85

Total received up to Sept. 3 .. \$809.92

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.



LESSON.—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1907.

Review.

Read Psalm xc.

Golden Text for the Quarter.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.—Psa. ciii., 8.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 23.—Ps. lxxviii., 15-34.
Tuesday, Sept. 24.—Ps. lxxviii., 35-52.
Wednesday, Sept. 25.—Ps. cv., 40—cvi. 15.
Thursday, Sept. 26.—Ps. cvi., 16-33.
Friday, Sept. 27.—Ps. cxxvi., 1-26.
Saturday Sept. 28.—cxlv. 1-21.
Sunday, Sept. 29.—Acts. vii., 35-46.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

In dealing with this review for the younger children, it may be possible to gain their interest by giving word pictures of the various lesson scenes, getting the children to fill in the descriptions with names of persons and places described. Or, if possible, get one of the children to say what he thinks Moses was like, and each of the other scholars to tell of some incident in his life in the wilderness about which we have been studying. Another plan of attack may be found in the general question for each of the scholars to answer, as to what incident they most clearly remember among the past twelve lessons. The answers can be easily filled out into the completed lesson by the teacher. For very young children, perhaps some such opening as this may be made:

How many of you have pets in your homes? Are you all fond of animals and reading about them? During our last lessons that we have to review to-day we have come across several birds and animals. There were quails in one lesson, in another we read about two goats and a bullock. There was one lesson where we learnt about a calf, in another about a number of serpents, and in another one there is mention made of the ox and the ass. That makes quite a list of animals, doesn't it? Does any one know what a quail is like? Describe the bird and tell how God sent these birds as food for the Israelites in the wilderness.

The story of the day of atonement and the sacrifice of the bullock and two goats, the story of the golden calf, the lesson about the Israelites' sin and their sufferings from the bites of the serpents, the giving of the commandments when God even commanded the people to see that their animals had rest on his rest day, may all be brought in by this means.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The lessons for the past quarter may be taken up in review with a special reference to the places with which they are connected. That is, the teacher should have prepared a rather large map in outline only, and, calling for special references as the lessons are taken in order, map out the course of the Israelites fleeing in the places at which they paused on their route, the positions of the tribes with whom they came into contact, etc., until last Sunday's lesson, when they stop just east of Jordan. For yet older classes there is abundance of material in the quarter. Let the teacher suggest questions, such as—In view of the words of the golden text, why was it necessary for God to punish so severely the sin of Nadab and Abihu?—To shut Moses out of Canaan for his sin at the rock of Meribah? The mercy of the surgeon who cuts off the poisoned limb to prevent the poison spreading through the whole body, and the justice of the judge who does not pardon the sin of the

man in high position any more readily than he would the same sin in any other, will be ready in the mind of the teacher. Do not suggest a question for which you have yourself found no answer, but in any case where such a question comes up, do not put it nervously to one side. The thinking scholar in one's class is always something to be grateful for, and to be treated with consideration. If a question is trivial or pointless, of course it may be put aside in favor of the great and practical truths which shine in every lesson.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Sept. 29.—Topic—Home missions: Religious progress in our cities. Jonah i., 1-3; iii., 1-10; iv., 9-11.

C. E. Topic.

TEMPERANCE.

Monday, Sept. 23.—The frightened king. Dan. v., 6-9.

Tuesday, Sept. 24.—The king and the prophet. Dan. v., 10-16.

Wednesday, Sept. 25.—Belshazzar's punishment. Dan. v., 17-24.

Thursday, Sept. 26.—God's judgment. Dan. v., 26-31.

Friday, Sept. 27.—Strong drink leads astray. Isa. xxviii., 7.

Saturday, Sept. 28.—Wine is a mocker. Prov. xx., 1.

Sunday, Sept. 29.—Topic—Lessons from Belshazzar's feast.—Dan. v., 1-6. (Temperance meeting.)

Make it fit for Roses.

A famous English gardener once heard a nobleman complainingly say: 'I cannot have a rose garden, though I have often tried, because the soil around my castle is too poor for roses.'

'That is no reason at all,' replied the gardener. 'You must go to work and make it better. Any ground can be made fit for roses, if pains are taken to prepare it.'

It was a wise saying, and it is true for other places than rose gardens. Some young people say, 'I can't be cheerful,' or 'I can't be sweet tempered,' or, 'I can't be forgiving,' as if they were not responsible for the growths in their soul garden because the soil is poor. But 'any ground can be made fit for roses,' and any heart can be made fit for the loveliest blossoms of character, if we try, with God's help, to prepare it for their growth.—Selected.

Failure.

I do not mean, dear teacher, that your class has been taken from you, or that half of them have left, or that the superintendent wishes you were in China. A Sunday school teacher may be a failure without any such experience. I have not a few in mind now who stand well in the school, whose removal to the West or the East would be followed by a string of resolutions, beginning with: 'By the departure of our dear brother this school has sustained an irreparable loss,' etc.—when the truth is, the loss would be—gain. They are certainly not winning souls—short of that is failure.—S. S. Teacher.

Notes.

Jesus saw the multitudes, saw their needs, saw their condition, saw their sin, saw them lost. Others looked—He saw. Blessed are the eyes which see.

Now dear superintendent get your advisors together and plan for the soul campaign which is to come. Talk it over with your pastor. Get his advice and co-operate with him. Don't rest until the last boy and girl are brought to Jesus.

Without the periodical assembling of teachers and officers for counsel even the best of work is weak and lame. There is no such thing as acting in perfect harmony and intel-

ligence. To keep step with modern Sunday-school progress we must take advantage of these vital parts of her life.

In many places the custom still prevails of allowing each class to choose its teacher. Imagine such a custom in the day schools. And it is just as reasonable for one as for the other. If there is any place where mature judgment should be exercised it is in things spiritual. If you have been doing this do it no more.

'The Sunday-school is the Lord's work, and He will take care of it.' What an easy way that is of looking at things. Certainly He will take just as good care of it as we will make it possible for Him to take. But God will never reward laziness on the part of leaders. He will never substitute anything for official indifference.—'Evangelical Teacher.'

Carry into the Sunday schools the spirit of the home. We do not need to make the Sunday school like the public school, except in the efficiency of its teaching. In every other respect it should be made as little like a school and as much like a home as possible.—Vincent.

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is September, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?



FLAGS for
HOME
and
SCHOOL

A LARGE ORDER.

Just about the close of the school session in June, and too late to reach the bulk of the scholars with this very encouraging example, our Flag Department received an order for flags that broke all records for number of flags sent to one place. This order came from the Eastern Townships, Quebec, and asked for FIFTEEN flags to be shipped in time for the Dominion Day celebration. A patriotic business man in one of the thriving towns there had first of all secured one of our flags, satisfied himself of their excellent quality, and then set to work with an enthusiastic friend to make a canvas of the whole district. The result was that THIRTEEN three-yard flags and TWO four-yard flags fluttered out to meet the breeze on Dominion Day, to the great delight and satisfaction of all concerned.

The following extract is from his letter acknowledging receipt of package:

'The flags came to hand and opened up to our entire satisfaction, and all that saw them thought they were fine. They were all flying on the first of July, and made quite a display. It did not look much as it did on May 24, when there was no celebration with the exception of a few fireworks in the evening. In closing, I wish to say that we are entirely satisfied.'

This is a good instance of how our flag offer works outside school circles. And yet, we think that some of the enthusiasm for the use of the flag in that vicinity may be fairly traced to the work of one of the local schools, where the children had secured one of our flags for themselves something over a year ago.

Correspondence is invited with schools or individuals all over the country who want a first quality flag on easy terms. We know the result will be—SATISFACTION.

For fuller particulars see advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Eight Lessons From the Bee.

1. The bee teaches us to be industrious. No bee ever shirks his work.
2. He teaches us to be loyal and obedient. Bees obey and love the queen who rules them.
3. They teach us to be fond of our homes. No bee leaves his home except for a time, if he can help it.
4. They teach us to be clean. Nothing can be cleaner than the home of the bee.
5. They show much sympathy or kind fellow-feeling for each other in distress, and will never leave a friend in trouble without trying to help him.
6. They are very early risers.
7. They delight in fresh air.
8. They are very peaceful, and seldom quarrel or fight among themselves.—Exchange.

He Was a Gentleman.

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty, shady street, where some boys were playing at baseball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly-looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game, for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as baseball.

His companions, very good-naturedly, tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place; and I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

'Why, Jimmie,' said one of them at last, 'you can't run, you know.'

'Oh, hush!' said another—the tallest of the party; 'never mind, I'll run for him,' and he took his pace by Jimmy's side, prepared to act. 'If you were like him,' he said, aside to the other boys, 'you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time.'

As I passed on I thought to myself that there was a true gentleman.—Selected.

The Open Window.

'Elsie Durand? Oh, Elsie's just a sweet, pretty, gay little butterfly. You can't expect girls like Elsie to do things—they're just made to be taken care of.'

In one form or another that was the way people always described Elsie Durand. All her life she had been loved and shielded and cared for, and the result was so charming that the natural impulse was to keep on with a method productive of such pleasure to the eye.

Elsie herself was wholly contented and unquestioning; she took it for granted that the world which had been so kind to her would continue to shield her from hard things; she had heard it said many times that she was not made for them, and she supposed, without thinking much about it, that it really was so.

When Elsie was eighteen she went to spend the winter with an uncle, a famous physician. Her uncle had two daughters about her age. They were pretty girls, almost as pretty as Elsie, but their knowledge of household matters and their plans for busy lives bewildered their cousin.

'What makes you, when you don't have to?' she asked, one day.

'Why, father wants us to. He says being a womanly woman is one of the greatest privileges in the world. And a womanly woman can't be an idle one,' Nora explained.

'How queer!' Elsie exclaimed, but in her heart she was glad that she was not her uncle's daughter.

It was a day or two later that her uncle, from his office, called for Nora.

'Nora isn't here. Can I do anything?' Elsie asked.

The doctor hesitated a second; then, 'Yes, you can do it. Come in,' he said.

Elsie entered the office timidly. A woman was walking up and down and a child sobbing. Elsie hated to hear any one cry. The doctor,

who had the boy on his knee, looked over him at the girl.

'Elsie,' he said, 'this little chap has a felon, and it must be lanced. His mother is too nervous to help. I want you to hold his hand. Don't be afraid. I'm giving you a chance to show how much of a woman you can be.'

Elsie whitened to her lips, but the keen eyes compelled her. Without a word she held the child as the doctor directed. The next thing she knew her uncle's voice came to her from a great distance.

'Oh, I'm so ashamed!' she cried. But her uncle's eyes were smiling at her.

'Bravo, little girl! You didn't let go till it was over. Here, drink this, and you'll be all right.' Then he added, gravely, 'I congratulate you upon being something more than a butterfly.'

Elsie went dizzily up stairs, but there was a new look in her eyes. For the first time in her life she caught a glimpse of the beauty of service.—'Youth's companion.'

There is no Limit.

Edison, the great inventor, was recently asked, 'Is the end of electrical invention nearly reached?' He answered, 'There is no end to anything. Man is so finite that it is impossible for him to learn one-millionth part of what is to be known. Only the ignorant can say we are near the limit in invention. There is no limit.'

If it is true that nature is limitless, it certainly must be true that God and salvation are infinite. Though we advance spiritually with the greatest rapidity, we need never fear that we will reach a point where we must stop growing. God is able to do for us exceedingly abundant above all that we ask or think. Let us be encouraged to move forward in the life of faith and love with greater speed and constancy. 'The possibilities of grace and glory are boundless even here, to say nothing of the mysteries to be revealed to us in eternity.—'The Pentecost.'

The Leaven at Pea Ridge.

(William H. Hamby, in the 'Christian Endeavor World'.)

'Yes,' said the postmaster, 'I can tell you where Pea Ridge school is. It's about seven miles south of here.'

'Why,' said Horton in surprise, 'I thought it was here at the station.'

'No, thank heaven it ain't,' said the storekeeper, laughing. 'Say, you ain't the new teacher out there, are you?'

Horton admitted he was.

'Well, young feller,' said the storekeeper, looking him over critically, 'you've got a mighty hard row to hoe. Say,' he said jumping off the counter, 'there goes Crazy Jim Davis now. He goes right by the schoolhouse.'

'Schoolteacher?' asked Crazy Jim, as they went bumping over the railroad track.

'Yes,' answered Horton, pleased to note that the man showed no symptoms of his name.

'Purty strong on the gad?' he asked after a half-hour's silence.

'I really do not know,' replied Horton; 'I never tried it before.'

Jim gave a long, surprised whistle, and relapsed into silence.

The houses they passed were generally one-room and two-room log cabins, clinging to the sides of the rough hills, little patches of poorly cultivated land around them.

'May get through the first three months,' remarked Jim as they passed the schoolhouse. 'Most of 'em do.'

'What is the trouble?' asked Horton.

'You'll find out soon enough,' was the only reply.

He engaged board at Dodson's.

After supper he heard the old lady tell 'Lize that it was a pity, such a kind-hearted, hopeful-lookin' young man, too.'

The next day Horton met the board, and signed a contract for six months. There was

an embarrassed silence after the paper was signed.

'You better tell him,' suggested one, nodding at the president of the board.

'No,' said the president, 'as well not.'

Horton demanded to know all that there was to be known.

'You tell him, then, Barton,' said the president.

Barton took the teacher aside.

'Maybe we ort to have told you before,' said Barton guiltily, 'but we ain't had a school to go all the way through for ten years.'

'Why not?' asked Horton in astonishment.

'Always broke up. Generally lasts from two to four months. One feller taught five. We cain't get anybody here to take it. That's why we happened to get you.'

'What is the cause of the trouble?' asked the teacher.

'Well, several things. In the first place, the people around here purty generally ain't got any sense. Then there's one family that starts of it. Three of the meanest boys out of jail, and their dad backs 'em in it.'

'Why do you allow it?'

'It's a mighty bad outfit. Burns barns, pizens stock, and shot at two or three men. Folks afraid to get 'em stirred, and jest let 'em have their way.'

'Not much room around here for day-dreams,' Horton said to himself as he lay awake that night, studying the situation. 'I'll be glad enough to keep the nightmares out.'

Forty pupils came the first morning. Noisy, curious, ragged, and rude for the most part. Nearly all of them barefooted, many bare-headed, several without books. But Horton worked with enthusiasm, and soon had all of them doing something.

'It's wonderful,' said Barton at the end of the first month. 'I never saw 'em interested before. Even Pete Carson's kids are takin' their books home to study at night. It's too bad,' he continued, shaking his head, 'that things cain't go on this way. But they'll begin before long.'

'Already begun,' laughed Horton. 'Teters was in yesterday.'

'What's wrong with Teters?'

'Said I was partial. Give the arithmetic class a half-hour and the first-reader class only ten minutes. And that I let the 'big' uns run over the little 'uns.'

'Shucks!' said Barton disgustedly. 'I feel like smashing that fellow's head. He goes on an average once every two weeks to every teacher we have. That kid of his'n would bawl if a snow-man winked at it. But that don't amount to nothin', added the director. 'The trouble is ahead.'

'How is everything now?' asked Barton at the close of the second month.

'Ve'y we'l,' replied the teacher. 'Had three callers this mcnth.'

'Only three?' exclaimed Barton. 'Well, you are a wonder, sure enough. This time last year there had been just thirty-one. What's worryin' now?'

'Mrs. Martin was the first,' replied Horton. 'She said I must not cross Mary. Mary is sensitive, and unless she has her own way it upsets her so she cannot sleep. Todd came around to tell me I was partial. Kept his boys in at recess, and let the rest out. Said he would have the law on me if I did not do his family justice. Jamison said I was partial, and he wanted a stop put to it. Said I called Hanson's girl "Miss," and his girl was just as big, and I never "Missed" her.'

Barton laughed. 'They don't count. Not one of them worth a hill of blue beans. But look out for the real trouble next week. Old man Hickman got through sowing his wheat to-day.'

Horton knew the minute he came onto the playground Monday morning a change had come over the school. When the bell rang, instead of the usual prompt response, several boys lingered and came in a little late, shuffling their feet as they came.

There were three of the Hickman boys, seventeen, fourteen, and nine respectively.

There was no outbreak the first week, just

a general looseness that grew imperceptibly. Dan, the real leader of the troublesome element, managed to show his disrespect and impudence in a hundred ways without any direct violation of the rules.

Thursday of the second week. Horton saw things were nearing a crisis, and he was glad of it. The careless scraping of feet, the rattle of slates, the reluctant responses, covert acts of rebellion were growing unbearable.

At the noon hour seven or eight of the larger boys were gathered in a little knot down by the spring. The teacher understood the sign.

When the geography class was called, Dan kept his seat.

'Dan, you are in this class,' said the teacher.

'Am I?' Dan replied indifferently.

'Come on,' said the teacher; 'the class is waiting.'

'Let 'em wait,' said Dan impudently.

The school stirred uneasily. They knew what was coming.

The teacher closed his book deliberately, walked over to the corner, and drew from behind a chart three seasoned hickory withes about four feet long.

He laid the hickories across the table, and without a word walked back to Dan's seat. The boy gripped the desk with both hands, and set himself for a struggle. Horton reached over and caught both his wrists, and with a quick, sharp turn brought him into the aisle, and in a marvellously short time Dan was at the desk, writhing under the thrashing of his life.

'That'll do,' said Marion, the older brother, with an oath; and he jumped into the aisle with a knife in his hand.

The teacher did not even look toward him until Dan was finished and seated in the geography class. Then he started coolly down the aisle to meet Marion. Marion, who was larger than the teacher, was raging and threatening like a madman.

The school became panicky. Many of the smaller ones were crying, and some of the larger ones were packing their books hastily.

The teacher stopped, and said quietly but peremptorily:

'Now, put those books back into your desks. Not one must stir from his seat. Keep perfectly quiet. No one will be hurt.'

The bully waved his knife, and told the school they better clear out, that there was going to be a dead teacher there in a few minutes.

'Shut up,' commanded Horton, 'and put up that knife.'

'Better make me,' said young Hickman, with an oath raising the knife to strike.

Before the school had time to stir, the teacher had knocked him down, wrenched the knife from his hand, and was lifting him into his seat by the collar.

There was no looseness about the order the rest of that day.

About nine o'clock that evening Barton called the teacher out.

'Professor, you better go,' he said, his voice trembling.

'Why so?' asked the teacher cheerfully.

'Old Hickman swears he will kill you the first time he sees you, and he's mighty apt to do it. He's a bad man, a mighty bad man, and there ain't a man in the country that would face him when he's on a tear.'

'No, Mr. Barton,' said the teacher deliberately; 'I guess I will not leave.'

'Say, Professor,' said a boy, running up out of breath as Horton started to school next morning, 'old man Hickman's down by the branch with a double-barrelled shot-gun, and Dan says he is goin' to shoot you.'

Horton took the ridge road.

At noon the president of the board called Horton to one side.

'I advise you to quit. We appreciate your work, Professor; but Hickman is a dangerous man, and I never saw him so crazy as he is this time. He swears he will shoot you on sight.'

'I like the pupils,' said Horton. 'I think I can do them good, and it is my duty to stay.'

'Mr. Horton, I would leave,' said Mrs. Dodson at supper. 'We'll be powerful sorry to

see you go, but it ain't right to stay here and be killed. You don't know how mean that man is. Why, he will pizen poor, innocent animals just because he is mad at their owner.'

Saturday afternoon Horton started off down the ridge road, whistling merrily. Mother Dodson watched him out of sight, shaking her head forebodingly.

'Hello,' said White, who had seen him coming along the field and had waited at the fence, 'which way now?'

'Taking a little walk,' said Horton.

'Well, you are walkin' in the wrong direction. Hickman lives right over there in the next hollow, and he's just laying for you with a gun half full of buck-shot.'

'So I understand,' said the teacher with a smile. 'I thought I would go over and see him.'

The farmer took the reply as a joke, and laughed heartily. Horton let it pass that way, and went on.

There was instant commotion in the cabin when Horton came in sight. Hickman appeared in the door directly with an ugly-looking gun in his hand. He leaned against the jamb, and waited.

Horton felt pretty nervous for the next fifty yards, but he never halted—just walked straight toward the house unconcernedly.

As he approached, Hickman sat down on the door-step, and laid the gun across his lap, keeping his hand on the trigger.

'Good evening,' said Horton pleasantly as he came through the gate.

The old man made no response.

'I came over to have a little talk with you,' the teacher announced as he approached.

'Bout what I 'lowed,' said the old man in an ugly tone. 'You're brave enough when it comes to fightin' thirteen-year-old boys, but when you meet a man you want to talk. You can't work that on me,' he continued snarlingly. 'You needn't come around apologizing now, for it won't do no good.'

'I have not come to apologize; I have nothing to apologize for,' said the teacher evenly.

The old man began to swear; and the more he talked, the madder he got. At last he laid down the gun, and jumped out into the yard.

'I thought I'd shoot you, but I rather lick you. Come on, you coward. You needn't think you can talk me into lettin' you alone.'

'Mr. Hickman,' said Horton, in a level tone that penetrated the old man's comprehension, 'I do not care to fight; there is a better way to settle differences. I have not come to ask you to let me alone. I am not bothered about that; first, because I am right; and, second, because I am able to defend myself in any way you may attack me.' And there was that in the young man's self-possession that convinced the old man he could.

'Wait,' he said with a wave of his hand as the old man started on another tirade. 'I expected you would insult me when I came, but I am here, anyway, to talk to you about your boys. Sit down a few minutes and listen to me, and then you can go on with your fighting if you think best.'

Horton led the way to the wood-pile, and the old man followed, still swearing he was going to whip somebody before it was over.

'Now,' said Horton, facing him squarely, 'I want to know what kind of men you want your boys to be. Are you raising them for the penitentiary?'

Hickman gave an emphatic 'No.'

'Then don't you know they must be made to obey? Do you think you could run that school two days unless the pupils obeyed your directions?'

'No, and they'd do it, too, or I'd—'

'So would I,' said Horton, 'and that is what I did to your boys.' Then he told the old man how the trouble occurred.

'Marion, Marion! Dan!' the old man began to call. The boys came up reluctantly.

'Now, tell that again,' said Hickman. The teacher restated the case.

'Is that so, Marion?' demanded the old man. Marion began to evade.

'Yes or no,' thundered the old man.

'I guess so,' said Marion.

'That so, Dan?'

'Yes,' said Dan.

'They lied to me,' he said, turning to the teacher. 'They ought to be killed.'

'No,' said the teacher, gently, 'they ought to be trained.'

'You done 'em right. I ain't got a word to say. Go ahead and have 'em expelled, and we'll never bother you any more.'

'No,' said Horton, 'I do not want them expelled. I want them to come to school.'

Hickman looked at the teacher in amazement.

'You don't mean that after all this you are willin' to take 'em back?'

'Anxious to have them back, Mr. Hickman, I hope to be of assistance to them,' said Horton sincerely.

The old man sat silent for a long time. When he spoke, his voice shook a little.

'I don't understand it, Mr. Horton. Nobody ever done me this way before. I thought everybody was agin me and my boys. They have treated you mean, and I threatened to shoot you; and you come down here, and ask me to send 'em back. I don't understand it. What makes you do it?'

'I am a Christian,' said Horton reverently, humbly; 'and the Great Teacher whom I serve taught me to love even those that hate me and pray for those that spitefully use me. My brother,' he said as he arose and held out his hand, 'I wish you were a Christian; then everything would be different.'

The old man took the teacher's hand, and gripped it long and hard.

'I'd like to be,' he said.

'In a Minute.'

If you asked Dora to do anything she would reply, 'In a minute.' This was a bad habit she had. 'Dora, please bring me a drink of water.' 'In a minute.' 'Dora, go up stairs and bring me my comb.' 'Yes, mother, in a minute.' 'Dora, come down to dinner.' 'In a minute.'

One day Dora's bird was hopping about on the floor. Somebody went out, leaving the door open, just as 'somebody' is always doing. Dora's mother said, 'Dora, shut the door, or the cat will be after your bird.'

'Yes, mother, in a minute,' said Dora, 'I just want to finish this line in my drawing.' But the cat did not wait. In he came and with one dart had the bird in his mouth.

Down went the slate on the floor, and away went the cat, bird and Dora. There was a wild chase on the lawn. 'In a minute,' Dora came back weeping, with the dead bird in her hand.

Dora cried; mama was sad, but said, 'A great many things may happen in a minute.'

Dora has never forgotten that lesson, and never will.—Baltimore 'Methodist.'

How 'Cowslip' Saved Him.

In the Highlands of Scotland it is a kindly custom to give names to the cows as well as other animals. A Scotch lad had three to care for, and they all three had names. The red cow was 'Cowslip,' the dun was 'Bell,' and the black was 'Meadow-Sweets.' The cows knew their names like three children, and would come when called. One day, the boy tells us, 'I was not with them, but had been given a holiday and gone up the side of the hill. I climbed until I was so high that I got dazed, and lost my footing upon the rocks, and came tumbling down and snapped my ankle, so I could not move. It was very lonesome there. It seemed to me that it was hours that I lay there, hitching along among the bracken. I thought how night would come, and nobody would know where I was. I could not move for the anguish of my foot. It was no use to call, for there was naught in sight save the crows skirting against the sky. My heart was fit to break, for I was but a lad, and mother looked to me for bread. I thought I would never see home again. After awhile I spied a cow beneath, grazing on a slip of turf just between a rift in the hills. She was a good long way below, but I knew her. It was "Cowslip"! I shouted as loud as I could, "Cowslip! Cowslip!" When she heard her name she left off grazing and listened. I called again and again.

What did she do? She just came toiling up and up till she reached me. These hill cattle are rare climbers. She made a great fuss over me, licking me with her rough, warm tongue, and was as pleased and as pitiful as though I were her own. Then, like a Christian, she set up a moan, and moaned so long and so loud that they heard her in the vale below. To hear a cow moaning like that they knew meant that she was in trouble. So they came searching and seeking. They could see her red and white body, though they could not see me. So they found me, and it was "Cowslip!" saved my life.—'Christian Herald.'

The Rule of Achievement.

'What shall I do?' My boy, do you stand asking.

Take hold of something, whatever you can;
Don't turn aside for the toiling or tasking,
Idle, soft hands never yet made a man.

Grasp with a will whatever needs doing;
Still standing ready, when one work is done,

Another to seize, and onward pursuing;
In duty, your course, find the victory won.

Do your best for to-day, trusting God for to-morrow;

Don't be afraid of a jest or a sneer;
Be cheerful and hopeful, and no trouble borrow;

Keep your heart pure—your head cool and clear.

If you can climb to the top without falling,
Do it; if not climb as high as you can.

Man is not honored by station or calling,
Station and calling are honored by man.

—Unknown.

What Rufy Was Afraid of.

He said it modestly enough, not at all in a boastful way. You see, he was only quoting grandma.

'I heard her say it I couldn't help hearing,' Rufus said, quietly. And, of course, he couldn't help the soft little pink color that spread all over his cheeks, either. When a boy is nine and can't help hearing his grandmother say: 'Rufus is a brave little boy! I declare I don't believe he's afraid of anything!' well, maybe, you wouldn't flush with pleasure yourself!

Polly was nine, too, but she was a girl; and dear, dear, how many things Polly was afraid of! Nobody had ever heard anybody else, not a grandmother even, save she was very brave.

'Not anything, Rufy? Aren't you truly afraid of anything?' she breathed in awe.

'I guess not, unless it's wild things that most everybody's afraid of. I shouldn't want to meet a lion anywhere; but I don't believe I'd mind a bear.'

'Well, then, cows?' Polly said, gravely. Polly was so afraid of cows!

'Cows?'

'Well, snakes, then, or enormous dogs, or the dark?'

'No—I'm not afraid of any of those things. I guess not!' laughed Rufus. 'Ask me something hard.'

'Injuns?' That was the 'hardest' thing Polly could think of.

'Huh!' scoffed Rufus. 'I honestly like 'em!' Suddenly mother looked up from her sewing.

'Rufy is brave,' she said, gently; 'but there is one thing he is afraid of.'

'Mother!' Rufy's voice was a little hurt. 'What is it, please?'

'I'd rather you would find it out for yourself, dear. Besides, now it is time to get the firewood and a pail of water. It is almost supper-time.'

'Oh, I don't like to get firewood one single bit!' Rufy grumbled softly. 'Besides, there isn't any chopped, mother. I didn't chop a stick yesterday, or the day before.'

'No, dear, I know.'

'And the pump's so far off! I wish one grew in our backyard! Oh, dear, and I s'pose you'll say it's feed the chicken time, too!'

'Yes, dear.'

But Rufy did not move. In a minute more he had forgotten all about the chickens and pumps and firewood. When he thought of them again he was in bed.

'Oh, Pa! so sorry!' he cried out suddenly.

A Tame Bear and the Frightened Schoolmistress.

S. G. Goodrich, Esq., the celebrated American author, in his 'Animal Kingdom,' when referring to bears, says:—

'Some years ago a boy of New Hampshire found a very young cub near Lake Winnipeg, and carried it home with him. It was fed and brought up about the house of the boy's father, and became as tame as a dog.'

'Every day its youthful captor had to go to school at some distance, and by degrees the bear became his daily companion. At first the other scholars were shy of the creature's acquaintance; but ere long it became their regular playfellow, and they delighted in sharing with it the little store of provisions which they brought for their sustenance in small

'The consternation of the old lady and her boys and girls was unspeakable. Both schoolmistress and pupils would fain have been abroad; but the bear was in the path, and all that could be done was to fly off as far as possible behind the tables and benches. But the bear troubled nobody. He walked quietly up to the wall where the provender bags and baskets of the pupils were suspended. Standing on his hind feet he took hold of these successively, put his paws into them, and made free with the bread, fruit, and other eatables therein contained. He next tried the schoolmistress's desk, where some little provisions usually were; but finding it firmly shut, he went up to the fire, and, after a few minutes' stay be-



THE BEAR AND THE SCHOOL BAGS.

bags. After two years of civilization, however, the bear wandered to the woods and did not return. Search was made for him, but in vain.

'Four succeeding years passed away and in the interval changes had occurred in the school alluded to. An old lady had succeeded the ancient master, and a new generation of pupils had taken the place of the former ones. One very cold winter day, while the schoolmistress was busy with her humble lessons, a boy chanced to leave the door half-way open on his entrance, and suddenly a large bear walked in.

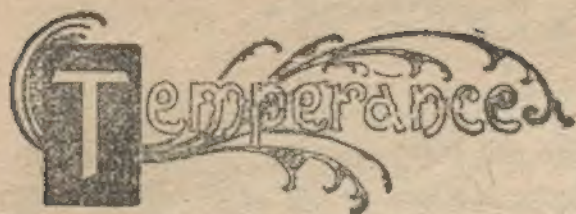
fore it, he walked out by the way he came in.

'As soon as the schoolmistress and her pupils had courage to move, the alarm was given to the neighbors. Several young men immediately started after the bear, and, as its track was perfectly visible upon the snow, they soon came up with it and killed it. Then it was that by certain marks upon its skin some of the pursuers recognized the old friend of their school-days. Great regret was felt at the loss of the creature. It was like killing a human friend rather than a wild animal.'—From 'Anecdotes in Natural History.' By the Rev. F. O. Morris, B.A.

'I didn't mean to let mother do it!' For he remembered that mother must have chopped the wood and fed the chickens and got the water. Then he remembered something else, too, that mother had said she would rather he would find out himself. There in

the dark, all alone, Rufy 'found out.' He sat up in bed and uttered a little exclamation.

'Oh, I know—I know! And it's—so!' he cried out in shame. 'She meant I was afraid of—work!'—Exchange.



Incidents and Effects of Smoking.

Dr. Seaver, the physical director of the Yale gymnasium, is quoted as saying that he has observed that high-stand men at Yale do not smoke, and that the smokers of the college are of mediocre attainments or low standing. He thinks that either the use of tobacco reduces mental activity in Yale students, or else that the inclination to use tobacco betokens the kind of mind that will be graded low in intellectual tests. He finds by inquiry that the attraction of tobacco for Yale students is mainly social. He computes that the gain in growth is twelve per cent. greater among students who don't smoke, and he thinks he has noticed among Yale students that smoking inevitably lowers the standard of cleanliness, and begets a disregard for the rights of others that seems to have its roots in selfish indulgence.

This last phenomenon can be observed to quite as great advantage in the public vehicles of New York, as at Yale or any other college. The standard of manners among smokers seems to be low. The men who bring lighted cigars into street-cars and the cars of the elevated railroad, the men who crowd the back platforms of surface-cars and smoke in the face of every passenger who crowds past them to get on or off, clearly and scandalously disregard the rights of others. They are usually men who, judging from their outward appearance, ought to know better. But they don't seem to know better. They don't seem to appreciate that their behaviour is an imposition on public patience. These street-car smokers ought not to be tolerated, and we hope that an inclination recently disclosed by the health authorities and the railroad officers to get after them, will bear prompt and effectual fruit.

There are fit places for tobacco-smoke, cigarettes, and cigar-stumps. Out of place they are all offensive. To smoke in the street is inexpedient at best. To carry a lighted cigar into any house, into any shop, elevator, waiting-room, or vehicle, is bad manners, ranging in degree, according to circumstances, from inconsiderateness up to boorishness. Women, as a rule, don't smoke, and careful consideration for their wishes as to tobacco should always be shown by smokers while in their company. Whether pall-bearers may properly smoke in their carriage on the way back from the cemetery, is matter for discussion into which we prefer not to enter.—Harper's Weekly.

A Brave Boy.

A little boy in Leicester was induced to sign the Band of Hope pledge. His father was a collector, and one day a publican called upon him to pay some rates. In the course of conversation it came out that the little boy was a teetotaler. 'The ideal! Why he is too young to sign the pledge.' The little fellow came up to him and took hold of him quietly by the arm, and repeated his words—'You say, sir, that I am too young to be an abstainer. Well, now, if I was to come to your public-house for a pint of beer, would you send me about my business because I was so young?' 'No, I don't think I should,' replied the publican, 'but that is quite a different thing.' 'Very well, then,' said the lad, 'if I am not too young to receive the beer, I am not too young to give up the beer.' The publican was defeated, for the boy had the best of the argument.—Selected.

Cigarettes and Whiskey.

Thousands of people will not admit that the use of cigarettes or whiskey is a vice. Yet in business intercourse either habit invariably operates against a man.

Even as a matter of policy a young man will do well to let cigarettes and whiskey alone.

Many men who drink do not want a clerk

A Total Abstinence Lesson.

The New York 'Journal' has lately been publishing a series of temperance cartoons with interesting comments. One of them is reproduced below. It represents a father giving his boy some lessons from experience, and this is how these lessons are set out by the 'Journal.'

How should a whiskey drinker talk to his son? If he talks as he feels, he would hold up the flat, brown bottle and say:

'My boy, you know that I am a poor man, and have nothing to leave to you or your mother.'

'The difference between myself and successful men who have passed me is this:

'I have gone through life with this bottle in my hand or in my pocket. They have not.'

A man comes into the world prepared to do his share of the world's work well or ill, as his brain and his physical strength may decide. Of

power, which tend to make him a drunkard before him.

The greatest safeguard of a drunkard's children undoubtedly lies in the warning which they see every day in their home, and in the earnest advice which the man who drinks will give to all young people if he have any conscience left.

If the man who drinks would save his own children from the same danger, he can do so better than any other. He need not lose their respect by telling them of his own mistakes, if these mistakes have been hidden from them. Let him simply tell them without personal reference what he knows about whiskey, its effect on a man's happiness, success, self-respect and physical comfort.

Whiskey gives a great many things to men—negative gifts most of them. Of these gifts here are a few:

Lack of friends, lack of will, lack of self-respect, lack of nervous force—lack of every-



all his qualities the most important practical is balance.

The whiskey in that bottle destroys the balance, both mental and physical.

It substitutes dreaming and foolish self-confidence for real effort.

It presents all of life's problems and duties in a false light. It makes those things seem unimportant which are most important.

It dulls the conscience, which alone can make men do their duty, in spite of temptation, and struggle on to success in spite of exhaustion.

Keep away from this bottle, and keep away from those who praise it. He who hands it to his fellow-man is a criminal, and he who hands it to a young man is a worse criminal and a villain.

'It is impossible but that offences will come, but woe unto him, through whom they come.'—St. Luke xvii, 1.

It is a well established fact that in the usual order of events drunkenness would be handed down from father to son, and hundreds of thousands of families would be ultimately wiped out by whiskey.

It is not true, fortunately, that the son of a drunkard actually inherits drunkenness fully developed. But a drunkard gives to his son weakened nerves and a diminished will

thing save the hideous craving that can end only with unconsciousness, and that begins again with increased suffering when consciousness is restored.

With the fear of whiskey, there should be impressed upon children sympathy and sorrow for the unfortunate drunkard.

One of the ablest men, and one of the most earnest in America, said to his friends very recently:

'I never drink, as you know. But when I see a man lying drunk in the gutter, I know that he has probably made that very day a harder effort at self-control, a nobler struggle to control himself, than I ever made in my life. He has yielded and fallen at last, but only because all of his strength is insufficient to overcome the disease that possesses him.'

Teach your children that drunkenness is a horrible disease, as bad as leprosy. Teach them that it can be avoided, that the disease is contracted in youth through carelessness, and that it is spread by those who encourage drinking in others. Tell them that the avoiding of whiskey is not merely a question of morals or obedience to parents, but a question involving mental and physical salvation, success in life, happiness and the respect of others.—National Advocate.

who takes a drink. Said a business man to a young friend whom he was sending to fill a position: 'Under no consideration let Mr. M—know that you touch whiskey, and if you value your future with him never take another drop.' Mr. M— was a moderate drinker, but he would have no man in his employ who did it. He knew better.

Thousands of men with liquor tainted breath have lost orders, had favors refused, had customers go elsewhere—without knowing the reason. The people with whom they tried to deal had excellent reasons.

Some time ago a bright young fellow applied for a position. Many points were in his favor. As he went out of the office after his first interview with his prospective employers

they glanced at each other. 'Did you notice the cigarette stains on his fingers?' said one. The other nodded. The first person to whom the young man had referred said: 'He's a bright fellow, the only thing I could say against him is that he is an inveterate cigarette smoker.'

In these days it is a sure sign of lack of sagacity and ambition for a young man to drink whiskey or smoke cigarettes. Doubtless many succeed who have these habits, but they succeed in spite of them, not by reason of them. They are great handicaps.

It is absolutely certain that the young man's chances for success are doubled if he is strictly temperate. He is infinitely better off if he does not use tobacco at all.—Chat.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Fairies Visit Gracie.

(By Maud Walker in the 'Junior Eagle'.)

Gracie sat on the ground beneath a big tree, playing with her dolls and picture books. Pretty soon, to her great astonishment, one of the picture books opened—a book of fairy tales—and out stepped one of the daintiest fairies in all the book's pages. She was the Princess Lala, and Gracie had read of her dozens and dozens of times, never

self on the limb of a tree. There he sat, dangling his legs to and fro, humming a merry tune. And soon many of the other fairies—the youngish ones—followed Hop-Over-My-Thumb's example, and the fine old tree swarmed with fairy life.

'Well, why shouldn't we turn some of these little pebbles into chairs and divans?' asked the Princess Lala. 'What is the good of being a fairy if one doesn't use the fairy's power?' And as she spoke



OUT STEPPED ONE OF THE DAINTIEST FAIRIES IN ALL THE BOOK'S PAGES.

finding the story dull. As Gracie was on the point of speaking to Princess Lala another page of the book flew open and out walked Hop-Over-My-Thumb, just as funny and as real as Gracie had ever seen him in picture and story. Then, as fast as they could lift the book-leaves and step forth upon the soft grass, came all the fairies of the book, making a beautiful and entertaining company. Gracie, now almost too much surprised to believe her eyes, looked from one to the other of her strange callers, saying in a fluttering voice of excitement, 'Well, how did this ever happen? But, it is lovely, perfectly lovely, for you to come to life and make me a visit. Will you all be seated? I am sorry I can only offer you a seat on the grass.'

'Oh, my dear Gracie,' said the fairy queen, who was a white-haired, pretty little old fairy dame, 'it is we who should apologize to you for coming so unexpectedly. If one isn't invited one must be grateful for a seat on the grass—or on a tree's limb.'

'Sure, in a tree's limb,' exclaimed Hop-Over-My-Thumb. And instantly the impish fellow—for he looked really impish in real life—gave a bound in the air and seated him-

self on the limb of a tree. There he sat, dangling his legs to and fro, humming a merry tune. And soon many of the other fairies—the youngish ones—followed Hop-Over-My-Thumb's example, and the fine old tree swarmed with fairy life.

'We've come to tell you how much we appreciate your love for us,' said one of the fairies, smiling on Gracie. 'We don't know of another child in the whole surrounding country who enjoys us more than you do.'

'And I enjoy you in real life much more than I do in that big book,' declared Gracie. 'And every day I read about you to my dolls, Sissy and Mabel. You see, although my dolls do not talk they can understand me,' she added, seeing that several of the fairies looked at Sissy and Mabel, who were lying on the ground.

'Well, would you like to have your dollies talk?' asked the old fairy queen, addressing Gracie.

'Oh, that would be perfectly lovely,' Gracie cried, running to Sissy and Mabel and sitting them up against the tree. 'There; you must be more ladylike when company—and such distinguished company, too—is present,' she said in a motherly, chiding tone.

'Bring your dollies to me,' said the old fairy queen. Gracie obeyed her, placing Sissy and Mabel on the queenly lap. The dear little old fairy touched the lips of the dolls with the wee point of her tiny finger, and immediately Sissy and Mabel began to sing the prettiest little song you ever heard. Gracie's pleasure was great. She danced and laughed in glee, telling the old fairy queen that she should never, never forget her. 'Oh, how can I ever thank you enough?' she said, kneeling at the feet of the old fairy queen.

'All we ask is that you do not forget us,' said the dear little old dame. 'It has become the fashion for children to not read fairy stories. They now read tales of fiction dealing with problems and questions much too old for them. In fact, the children of to-day are about as old as their parents, and if you tell them about us they'll shake their heads and say: 'There's no such people as fairies.' Now, you are not that sort of little girl. You delight in hearing and reading about us. And what is most gratifying to us is the fact that you honestly believe in us.'

'Indeed I do believe in you,' declared Gracie. 'Should I ever come to disbelieve in fairies I should be quite unhappy. Why, there'd be nothing then but real people that do things just as I do them. No, I love the fairies and I'll never cease to believe in them.'

'Now, shall we have a banquet?' called down Hop-Over-My-Thumb. 'I'm getting awful hungry—even though I'm not a flesh and bone person.'

'Yes, the fairies all have stomachs,' laughed a big fairy, a funny fellow, who was always going about in the book disguised as a clown. 'We've stomachs and—'

'Tongues to clatter too much with,' put in a pretty little fairy miss who was seated beside the clown. 'Now, will you remain quiet until called upon to speak, sir?' she added, laughingly.

'A feast, a feast, a feast!' cried a chorus of voices from the tree limbs. 'Queen Mab, give us a feast!'

The little old queen smiled indulgently on her band of fairies and waved her wand about in front of her. Immediately there appeared—as if rising from the very earth—a table spread with all the good things to eat that child or fairy could possibly wish for. And in another minute Gracie, having

been invited by the queen to act as hostess at the banquet board, was doing the honors of the table. About her gathered fairies of every description, old, young, little, big and great. At her right hand sat Sissy pouring nectar from a golden pitcher into tiny glasses, and on her left was Mabel, who was serving strawberries rolled in powdered sugar and swimming in yellow cream. A great pyramid of cake and ice cream held the centre of the table and was piled about by fruit, candies and a dozen other kinds of delicacies so appetizing to children and fairies.

But just as Gracie lifted a plate of sugared cookies to pass to her guests something bit her on the cheek. She half arose—looked about her in a dazed way. Then she rubbed her eyes and scratched the smarting place on her cheek where a nasty mosquito had bitten her a moment ago. But—where were the fairies? And where was the banquet table? Gracie again rubbed her eyes and then bethought her of the dolls. They were lying on the ground near her. She spoke to each in turn, but they made no reply. Then Gracie looked toward the big book of fairy tales. It was open at a page where she had been reading to her dollies just a little while ago. Ah, had she been—asleep? But, no, they—the fairies—had surely been there. It was that horrid old mosquito that had frightened them back inside the book-covers and stolen away Sissy's and Mabel's voices. Slowly Gracie got to her feet and looked about her. Then with genuine feeling she said: 'Well, I may have been dreaming, but I believe in fairies just the same.'

Tip, Top and Toe.

(By Emma F. Bush.)

'Alice lives in a white house with green blinds. Marion lives in a brown house. Helen lives in a house painted red and brown. The three houses are side by side. Alice's house has a garden. Alice, Marion, and Helen play together in the garden.

Alice has a little kitten. The kitten is white. The tip of his tail is black. Alice calls him Tip.

Marion has a black kitten. He has one white spot on the top of his head. Marion calls him Top.

Helen has a gray kitten. He has one white foot. Helen calls him Toe.

Tip, Top, and Toe play together, too. Sometimes they play in the garden.

One day Alice said, 'Mamma, I wish I could have a party.'

'You may have Marion and Helen to tea in the garden,' said mamma.

'Oh! you dear Mamma,' cried Alice, hugging her.

Tip was sitting on the floor. He was watching Alice. 'Meow—meow,' he said.

'Do you want a party, too, Tip?' asked Alice.

'Purr—purr,' said Tip.

'He may have Top and Toe come to tea,' said mamma. 'They may come with Marion and Helen.'

Alice ran to invite Marion and Helen. Tip ran away, too. Did he go to tell Top and Toe? At four o'clock Marion and Helen came to the party. They brought Top and Toe. Top had a red ribbon around his neck. Toe had a blue ribbon. Tip's ribbon was pink.

Alice, Marion, and Helen ran races in the garden. Tip, Top, and Toe ran races, too.

Mamma called them to tea. The table was in the garden. It was Alice's little table. On the table were hot rolls. Mamma put a big dish of strawberries on the table. They ate the strawberries with sugar and ice cream.

Mamma gave Tip, Top, and Toe each a saucer of milk. Top lapped his up first. Then he put his paws in Toe's dish. Toe growled and spit. 'You are a naughty kitty, Top,' said Marion. 'You should not touch Toe's milk.'

After the strawberries were eaten they had ice-cream and cake.

Mamma gave Tip, Top, and Toe some ice-cream. Toe liked it very much. He wanted some more. He jumped onto the table. He put his nose in the dish of ice-cream. 'You must not do that, Toe,' said Helen. 'I think it is time you went home.'

'He does not know any better,' said mamma. 'Little girls and boys know they must be polite at the table. Little kittens do not know they must not touch the food. Toe did not know any other way to ask for more. We will give Toe some more ice-cream.'

'I'm glad Tip knew how to behave,' said Alice. —The Child's Hour.

The Crow and the Pitcher.

Do you know what it is to feel thirsty, so very thirsty that you can think of nothing else? The crow thought he was ready to die of thirst. Looking all about to find water, he spied a pitcher. 'There water,' he spied a pitcher. 'There go and see.'

He was right. There was water

there, but so little that he could not reach it with his bill, though he stood on the very tips of his toes.

'Oh, dear!' he said, 'what shall I do?' The sight of it made him want it all the more.

'I could get it,' he said, 'if I broke the pitcher.' But the pitcher was too strong for him to break.

'I might tip it over,' he added, 'and then get a little of the water as it runs out.' But the pitcher was too heavy for him.

He looked at the water and was more thirsty still.

'I won't give up until I have to,' he said. 'There must be some way for me to get that water. I'll try to find it out.'

At last he flew away. Do you think he gave it up? Not he. Wait a little, and you shall see what he did.

He came flying back with a little pebble in his mouth, and let it drop into the pitcher. Then he flew away, but soon came back with another pebble. 'They will help to bring the water up to me,' he said.

Was he not a bright bird to think of such a way as that?

He went again and again and again. Each pebble made the water rise in the pitcher a little; each time he came the crow tried to reach it.

'If I can drop pebbles enough, it will save my life,' he said. For now he was growing faint.

The very next pebble that he dropped he could reach down and touch, and one or two more brought the water so high that he could dip his bill into it.

He drank every drop, and now he felt well and strong again. 'This,' he said, 'is what people mean when they say, "If I cannot find a way, I will make one." —Æsop.

Early and Late.

By W. S. Reed.

Go to bed early—wake up with joy;
Go to bed late—cross girl or boy.

Go to bed early—ready for play;
Go to bed late—moping all day.

Go to bed early—no pains or ills.
Go to bed late—doctors and pills.

Go to bed early—grow very tall;
Go to bed late—stay very small.

—St. Nicholas.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Correspondence

C. Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am 12 years of age. We have a farm of a hundred acres. Father keeps horses, cows, pigs, hens, etc. We have a host of chickens and seven ducks. One little duck has a crooked beak.

I have two brothers and one sister. I and my eldest brother are twins. My youngest brother was only two years old in June. My eldest brother's name is Wallace. He has a little pig which was sick and we thought it would die. He asked papa for it, and of course father gave it to him. He doctored the pig up and it is a fine fat one now. As I like reading riddles, I will send one: How fast can a young lady travel?

ZELLA BROWN.

O. S., Man.

Dear Editor,—We have a farm of 640 acres. There are two houses on our farm, but there is one that nobody lives in. I live one mile and a-half from Ogilvie Station. In this place there are two dwelling houses, two elevators, a depot and a store, but no storekeeper, and a Presbyterian Church. I go to Sunday School every Sunday, and have just missed two Sundays since April, 1905. I have a Sun-

I am afraid my letter will be too long, so I will close with a riddle: Why is a dump-cart like the year 1907?

MARGARET S. PRICE.

W., Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years of age. I live in a little cottage in town. My father keeps a furniture store, he and another man. They have beautiful things in the store. The man who is working with father is our neighbor. I go to Sunday School every Sunday and like going to spend an hour with the people.

LIZZIE STEVENSON.

B. M., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. Our home is by the seashore. We have a lovely beech and hundreds of people drive here for picnics every summer. I have a brother and a sister. We have no cat or dog. We have a cow, and grandpa is going to give us a little calf.

WINNETTE WHARTON.

W., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. We have ducks, hens, turkeys, and geese. I am a great lover of flowers, and have a few house plants. The answer to Margaret MacDonald's riddle (August 2) is a clock. Our school is closed

cake. It was pretty good. I like to read the letters from the 'Messenger' very much.

ANNIE M. C. CATION.

E. P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy, six years old, and go to school every day. We have a new teacher. My papa is having a new house built, and we are in hopes we will be in it in September. I am staying with my grandma. My papa is fishing out of Boston. My grandpa has a horse, and my cousin goes riding.

ELTON GOODWIN.

OTHER LETTERS.

Frederick Ralph Burford, C. P., Ont., has been very ill in the hospital, but we are very pleased to hear he is well again now. Glad to see more of your drawing, Frederick, but next time don't choose quite such a sacred subject; our little drawings don't show up well enough for that.

George Ackerman, J., Mich., is a new member of our circle. Glad you like the 'Messenger,' George. Write again.

Nellie R. Allan, D., Mont., is another correspondent from over the border. She is only nine, but writes a very neat little letter.

Agnes McLean, A. P., Ont., sends a riddle, but it has been asked before. Agnes has been busy all summer. She writes: 'There is a railroad about a mile from our place, where my sister and I had to water the cattle in the holidays. I am going to school now, and don't have to water them.'

Notes and Notices.

21,000 Farm Laborers Wanted to Harvest Crops in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. —It is estimated that at least 21,000 farm laborers will be required this season to harvest the crops in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Although somewhat later than usual, the harvest promises to be a banner one. The Canadian Pacific Railway is organizing a monster excursion from points in the Province of Quebec, to take care of the large numbers who will take advantage of the exceptionally low rate of \$12.00. This rate will apply on September 12th only. Full particulars of the excursion can be obtained from the nearest railway ticket agent or on application to Mr. E. J. Hebert, General Agent, Passenger Department C. P. R., Windsor station Montreal.

BUSY BOYS' BUDGET.

I received the watch and chain and think it a dandy. I did not expect the chain. THOS. BENNETT, S—, N.S.

I received the stamp and was very much pleased, and I think it is worth selling a hundred papers for. C. EDWARD DEWAR, St. G—, N.B.

I am in receipt of camera from you. I think it is a very nice present to give, and am very much pleased with it. PERCY SOUTHERN, St. L—, Ont.

I received the jack-knife, and think it is very nice. Everybody that saw the 'Canadian Pictorial' wanted one. WILLARD D. CAMERON, E—, N.S.

I got my fountain pen yesterday and your postal card to-day. I am using my pen to write, and I like it very much. J. CILFORD BRUCE, C—, N.B.

I like my watch chain very much, and I am much pleased with it. WESLEY FARMER, S—, Ont.

I received the camera last night, and I am highly delighted with it. I must say that I can recommend it to any boy or girl as a splendid prize—a prize which the owner will be proud of, and also it is no toy. WM. MOULTON, L—, Ont.

I received the 'Watch' premium all right. Am well pleased with it as it keeps good time, looks well and is certainly worth the amount it took to get it. WILLIAM R. BIRD, A—, N.S.

I received my fountain pen and don't see how you can afford them. I could have sold it for \$3.50, but did not. HASKETT BURTON, C—, Ont.

I received my watch last Thursday and am delighted with it; it is going well. It is a dandy watch. I would not give it for five dollars. ARTHUR PITT, F— C—, Que.

These letters speak for themselves. If you want to fall in line selling the 'Canadian Pictorial' so as to get some of these good things, send now for a small package of 'Pictorials' to start on, with letter of instructions and premium list. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

P.S.—Montreal city and suburbs not included in this offer, owing to postal regulations.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A House.' Vera Hetherington (aged 7), C. N.B.

2. 'Red Rose.' Victoria Wilson (aged 7), M. P., Ont.

3. 'Our House.' Dollena Catherine McDonald (aged 10), N.S., N.S.

4. 'Ducks.' Edith McMahon (aged 13), N., Sask.

5. 'Red Carnation.' Cora Douglas (aged 9), M. F., Ont.

6. 'Sailboat Lowering Lobster Pots.' William Lloyd Newell (aged 13), E. P., N.S.

7. 'The Stratheona.' R. A. Taylor, P. B., N.S.

8. 'A Tree.' Clifford A. Haines, G., Ont.

9. 'A Watch Fob.' George Ackerman (aged 13), J., Mich.

day School diploma. I will close with a riddle: When does a man partially lose his sense of touch?

M. R. B.

Gaspé, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. We have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' for quite a while. We all like it very much. I go to school, but we are having holidays now. Our school is a mile away.

WILDFLOWER.

[You forgot to send answers to your riddles, little Wildflower, so they had to be left out.—Ed.]

H., Assa.

I am twelve years old, and will be thirteen in August. We have just moved out to a new house. I have not gone to school since we moved, but I expect to start to-morrow. It is a little lonely here now. I will close now with a riddle: When was the longest day in Adam's life?

OLIVE MABEL BURDETTE.

M., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I was eleven (11) years old two weeks ago last Sunday. I go to school, and entered the sixth grade this year. We have had eight weeks' holidays, but school commences soon. Our Sunday School had a picnic at a place called White Point. It is very pretty there and we went in bathing. The sand was white. M. is a very pretty place in summer there are so many trees about it.

now for vacation. We have a three-year old colt, her name is Maud. We have taken the 'Messenger' for a number of years, and would not like to do without it.

LILLIAN E. WILSON (age 12).

F., Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I received on Friday the premiums, eight-inch shears and book, 'Sweet Story of Old,' which you sent me for the eleven year-end subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' which I sent you, and I thank you very, very much for them. It was such a few subscriptions for such nice premiums. I again thank you very heartily. Wishing much access to the 'Messenger,' your old subscriber,

BERTIE C. SHAW.

P.S.—I will try and get a few more some time.

W., Man.

Dear Editor,—I have been thinking of writing for a long time. I am thirteen years old. We moved out here last April. I like it very much. It is such a pretty town. I must close now for fear of taking up too much space.

MARY E. COULING.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old, and live on a farm. I have two sisters and one brother. My brother has taken the 'Messenger' for eight years. My holidays are almost over. I have had a nice time. We have been to several parties. One was a birthday party; we had lots of ice cream and

HOUSEHOLD.

'The Little Hindering Thing.'

Said to have been 'written by an English laborer, whose child was suddenly killed by the falling of a beam.' One scrap-book gives Gerald Massey as the writer.

They laid her in her little grave,
Amid the flowers of spring,
When the green corn began to wave,
And the glad birds to sing,
And happy voices were around,
When hers was silent as the ground.

Sweet laughing child! thy cottage door
Stands free and open now,
But ah! the sunshine gilds no more
The gladness of thy brow;
Thy merry step hath passed away,
Thy pleasant voice is hushed for aye.

Oh! when the pleasant summer morn
Shines over wood and fell,
And far along the cornfields borne
Is heard the village bell;
When the loud waggon is laid by,
And wearied beasts rest quietly.

They never more shall carry thee
To listen to the psalm,
Which o'er the meads and sheep-strewn lea
Floats in the summer calm;
Their echoes reach thy mother's room,
But oh! they breathe above thy tomb.

Thy mother by the fireside sits
And listens to thy call,
And slowly—slowly as she knits,
Her quiet tears down fall;
Her little hindering thing is gone,
And undisturbed she may work on.

Robbery for Sacrifice.

She was a farmer's wife where land was valuable and work hard. The home farm was paid for, was productive, and yielded a comfortable living, or would have done so if the mother had not rendered all living uncomfortable in her eagerness to add an eighty-acre tract for each of the children. Then father shared her ambition, but necessity required that he should have his workmen and his agricultural implements, and the burden of the small economies and ceaseless labor fell upon the wife. She pinched, toiled and contrived, robbed herself of assistance and enjoyment, achieved her purpose, and died utterly broken in health and spirits when scarcely past middle life.

'She has always worked so hard,' mourned one of her younger daughters, only half comprehending the full story. 'Of course, she did it for us, but, oh, we would so much rather have had mother than anything else.'

But to give them the lesser good the mother had robbed them of the higher. To 'start them well in life' she had emptied her early years of pleasure that might have been shared together, and bright, restful days that would have been a blessed memory always. She had taken from their young manhood and womanhood the counsel, the guidance and the love more needed than ever before. What were the acres gained to God's good gift of which she deprived them?—'Forward.'

A Kitchen Time-table.

The woman in the home must necessarily spend many hours in preparing food. It is work requiring considerable care and attention; and is important work, too, for on it much depends. So the worker is certainly justified in making use of any little device for lightening her labors or economizing time and in this connection a kitchen time-table is very helpful.

It consists of a large piece of cardboard, divided into two columns, on which are written the names of various kinds of foods and the time required for cooking or baking them. Suppose, for instance, that the first item is, 'Sponge Cake, thirty minutes.' Then the cook will know that the loaf must be left in the

oven exactly half an hour. Not once will she have to disturb it, and not once will time have to be spent in looking at it to see if it is done. And, so too, with other things; the required time can be learned from experience and then noted down for future reference.

Thus, gradually, the kitchen time-table will increase in length as more items are added to the list. It proves to be a valuable aid, guarding against burnt food and saving both time and labor. In fact, it is such a convenient and useful little device that it should be found in every kitchen, large or small.

The real value of this little device to the housewife is due to the fact that it contains her actual experience. Her cook-book may tell her the time that is required generally for any specific article; a friend or neighbor may tell what time is required for baking in her specific home with her stove. But in neither of these instances are all of the conditions the same. Even the same make of range or stove will not produce like results under varying conditions of position or draft.—S. L. Harvie.

Washing Lace.

In washing lace, one must be particular not to rub it too hard, or the delicate threads will break. A good method is to fill a wide-mouthed jar with water containing a little borax. Dip the lace in water, rub gently with a pure soap, then place in the bottle and set on the back of the range or shelf over the range to keep warm. Leave here ten or twelve hours, then shake the jar vigorously. Pour contents into a basin, where the lace may be gently squeezed out, then thoroughly rinsed. Press it out perfectly smooth upon a

marble slab—if not too large the bottom of a meat platter will also answer—carefully pull each scallop into place, pick out the part edge with a pin, and let dry. When thoroughly dry, the lace will look like new and will not be injured, as the borax cleanses without rotting the fabric. Fine handkerchiefs, after being washed, may also be dried in this way, and look like new.—Selected.

Cheerfulness in the Farmer's Home.

The life of the farmer is spent, for the most part, in the fields, with his horses, cattle, sheep and the birds his only companions. His is an isolated life, and because of this lack of associates he is apt to become a pessimist, seeing only the sombre side of life. With no one to converse with him he develops a moody temperament and grows into the habit of brooding over the toils, disappointments and vexations of everyday life. His is a hard lot, he thinks, as he plods along behind his faithful team, and with this thought uppermost in his mind, he returns from his daily work at night time to greet his family with a gloomy countenance and a fretful word. The good housewife, having toiled all the long summer day in a hot room, and with aching head and heart frozen by the cheerless, complaining manner of her husband, also becomes fretful, and home is not a paradise of love and happiness. This is a true picture of many farm homes. The flowers of sweet content are withered by the chilling frosts of gloom and sadness, and life is hardly worth living. I advise young farmers especially to

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Naval Flags, sewn bunting, standard quality and patterns, to be given as Special Premiums for bona-fide new subscriptions at regular rates to any of our publications. Only by specially importing these flags can we offer them on the following liberal terms:

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This offer is made specially for schools, public or private, but clubs, societies or communities are free to take advantage of it. Assist us by making this widely known.

N.B.—We regret that postal regulations make it impossible to receive subscriptions at above rates for Montreal city or suburbs.

For sample papers, flag cards, etc., address 'Flag Department,' John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

TRIBUTES TO OUR FLAGS.

THUNDER HILL, MAN.

From Thunder Hill, Man., where the work was led largely by one enthusiastic young girl, the Secretary-Treasurer writes:—

We received the flag by last mail. Yesterday being our annual picnic, the flag was brought to the grounds, where it was admired by everyone. The general expression was, 'It's all right.'

We desire to thank you, Mr. Editor, for the flag, and for your efforts to promote patriotism, and respect for the flag and all that it is intended to represent.

HARMONY, N.S.

From Harmony, N.S., the teacher writes:

I received the flag last night, and took it to school this morning. The children were delighted, and I was much pleased with it, and we thank you for putting it in our power to obtain this flag for our school.

LACHUTE, QUE.

From Lachute, Que., the teacher writes:—

'Allow me to thank you for the pupils for the beautiful flag you sent us. All were well pleased with it, and considered themselves repaid for their work. I wish all the schools in Canada could, and would, take advantage of your very generous offer. I can assure you they would be satisfied with the result of their work.'

PENDLETON, ONT.

From the teacher, Glen Burn School, Pendleton, Ont.:

Please accept the hearty thanks of our school for the beautiful flag, which the 'Witness' has so kindly presented as a premium. Those who aided us towards obtaining subscriptions will, I am sure, feel abundantly rewarded. We have had several visitors to the school since, and the excellent quality of materials used has received the admiration of all.

ONCE RAISED, ALWAYS PRAISED.

cultivate a cheerful disposition. Do not wrap up all your interests, all your thoughts and ambitions in self. Seek to please those with whom you associate, and, above all, strive to lighten the burdens and hearts of those dear ones at home who call you husband and father. However great may be your disappointment, do not cross the threshold of your home with a sullen, cheerless countenance. A cheerful word or smile will fill your fireside with pleasantness, rekindle the fires of love in your wife's bosom and brighten the hopes and aspirations of your children. Cheerfulness is better than doctor's medicines. A cheerful farm home is an earthly heaven.—'Home-stead.'

Household Hints.

To remove tar from the hands or clothing, use fresh lard, and afterwards wash with soap and water.

If, instead of placing our beef in cold water and then gradually heating it, we were to plunge the meat into hot fat, or boiling water, the effect produced would be vastly different. A crust would be formed, due to the coagulation of the albumen; the juices could no longer escape and the beef would retain its original flavor. The resulting broth is poor, but the meat is rich in taste and in nutritive value. Roasting, broiling and frying in fat are always to be preferred to boiling, simply because the flavor of the beef is thus preserved. Much, however, depends upon the fire. The larger the cut the lower should be the temperature; the smaller the cut the hotter should be the fire. This culinary paradox is explained when it is considered that intense heat coagulates the exterior of the small piece of beef, and prevents the drying up of meat juices. A very large piece of meat, if subjected to a very hot fire, would be charred before the heat could penetrate to the interior. It is upon this principle that steaks and chops are broiled.—'Twentieth Century Home.'

Selected Recipes.

JELLIED FISH.—Boil any white fish in enough water to barely cover it; add salt, pepper, a clove, a sprig of parsley, a teaspoonful of vinegar and a small slice of onion. When the fish is done, take off the skin and remove all the bones and put it lightly in a mould. Strain the fish stock and add a little lemon juice, unless it seems acid; season and pour it over a heaping tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in a quarter of a cup of cold water; stir all together till clear and pour over the fish and set away all night. In the morning make a cup of mayonnaise and to it add half a teaspoonful each of very finely minced onion, parsley, and pickles; put the fish on a cold platter, surround with lemon quarters and parsley and pass the sauce. There are tin moulds in the shape of fish which are nice to use for the dish. Canned salmon can be substituted for white fish and a plain unsweetened lemon jelly used to set it instead of the fish stock.

ICE BOUILLON.—Take a quart of hot water and in it dissolve a heaping teaspoonful of beef extract or four or more capsules; dissolve also a level tablespoonful of gelatine in half a cup of cold water. Season the stock with salt, a very little red pepper, a small

slice of onion, a sprig of parsley and a clove; or, instead of these, add four drops of kitchen bouquet, which is a bottled seasoning, tasting of them all, and very convenient to use. Bring all this to the boiling point and simmer two minutes and pour over the gelatine; stir till smooth and strain; squeeze in the juice of half a lemon and set on ice. The next day break this up in small bits and serve in cold cups; or, make the bouillon, but omit the gelatine and serve as ice cold as possible. In either case have thin brown bread and butter sandwiches to pass with it.

TO CAN RHUBARB FOR WINTER USE.—This may be done successfully without cooking if one is careful to carry out these directions: Cut the rhubarb into cubes with skin on; fill the jars and fill up with very cold running water. While water is overflowing clap on the cover and fasten tight; place in dark cellar, where it is cool, but does not freeze. In this way it will keep for months and be as good as fresh from the garden.

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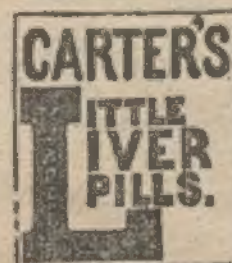
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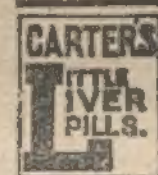
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TOMATO SALAD WITH CREAM CHEESE BALLS.—Peel and slice thin some firm tomatoes and arrange the drained slices on chilled lettuce leaves; mix two tablespoonfuls of oil with a teaspoonful of vinegar or lemon juice and a little salt and pour over, lifting the tomatoes so that it will run over and under. Do not let the salad stand a moment after this or the lettuce will wither. For the balls get cream cheese, mix with a little salt and chopped parsley and a teaspoonful of cream and roll round. If the salad is passed on plates, add two to each portion on the edge of the plate; if it is passed or served from one dish, put the balls all around the edge.

Copperas for Vermin.

A writer in the 'Scientific American' says he has cleared his premises of vermin by making whitewash yellow with copperas, and covering the stones and rafters, in the cellar with it. In every crevice into which a rat might go, he put the copperas and scattered it in the corners of the floor. The result was a complete disappearance of rats and mice. Since that time not a rat or mouse has been seen near the house. Every spring the cellar is coated with the yellow whitewash as a purifier and rat exterminator and no typhoid, dysentery or fever attacks the family.

BABY'S OWN

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